Law. Who bare my Letter then to *Romeo?*
Iohn. I could not ſend it,here it is againe,
Nor get a meſſenger to bring it thee,
So feareſull were they of infection.
Law. Vnhappie fortune, by my Brotherhood,
The Letter was not nice but full of charge,
Of deare import,and the neglecting it,
May do much danger:Frier *Iohn* go hence,
Get me an Iron Crow and bring it ſtraight
Vnto my Cell.
Iohn. Brother ile go and bring it thee. *(Exit.*
Law. Now muſt I to the Monument alone,
Within this three houres will faire *Iuliet* wake,
Shee will beſhrewe me much that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of theſe accidents:
But I will write againe to *Mantua,*
And keepe her at my Cell till *Romeo* come,
Poore liuing Coarſe,cloſde in a dead mans Tombe.
Exit.

Enter Paris *and his Page.*

Par. Giue me thy Torch boy,hence and ſtand aloofe,
Yet put it out,for I would not be ſeene:
Vnder yond young Trees lay thee all along,
Holding thy eare cloſe to the hollow ground,
So ſhall no foote vpon the Church-yard tread,
Being looſe,vnfirme with digging vp of Graues,
But thou ſhalt heare it,whiſtle then to me
As ſignall that thou heareſt ſome thing approach,
Giue me thoſe flowers,do as I bid thee, go.
Pa. I am almoſt afraid to ſtand alone,
Here in the Church-yard,yet I will aduenture.
Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy Bridall bed I ſtrew
O woe,thy Canapie is duſt and ſtones,
Which with ſweete water nightly I will dewe,
Or wanting that,with teares diſtild by mones,
The obſequies that I for thee will keepe:
Nightly

Nightly ſhall be, to ſtrew thy graue and weepe.
Whiſtle Boy.
The Boy giues warning,ſomething doth approach,
What curſed foote wanders this way to night,
To croſſe my obſequies and true loues right?
What with a Torch?muffle me night a while.

Enter Romeo *and* Peter.

Ro. Giue me that mattocke and the wrenching Iron,
Hold take this Letter,early in the morning
See thou deliuer it to my Lord and Father,
Giue me the light vpon thy life I charge thee,
What ere thou heareſt or ſeeſt,ſtand all aloofe,
And do not interrupt me in my courſe.
Why I deſcend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Ladies face:
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,
A precious Ring: a Ring that I muſt vſe,
In deare employment,therefore hence be gone:
But if thou iealous doſt returne to prie
In what I farther ſhall intend to doo,
By heauen I will teare thee loynt by loynt,
And ſtrew this hungry Church-yard with thy lims:
The time and my intents are ſauage wilde,
More fierce and more inexorable farre,
Then emptie Tygers,or the roaring ſea.
Pet. I will be gone ſir,and not trouble ye.
Ro. So ſhalt thou ſhew me friendſhip,take thou that,
Liue and be proſperous,and farewell good fellow.
Pet. For all this ſame, ile hide me here about,
His lookes I feare,and his intents I doubt.
Ro. Thou deteſtable mawe, thou wombe of death,
Gorg'd with the deareſt morſell of the earth:
Thus I enforce thy rotten Iawes to open,
And in deſpight ile cram thee with more foode.
Pa. This is that baniſht haughtie *Mountague,*
That murdred my loues Cozin,with which greefe,